

32 SENTENCES FOR OMAR AND BELL

I.

Sentence in which I

make Omar Ty

and Oona Jemaika Bell

the Soybean Croquettes

from Frances Moore-Lappé's

Diet for a Small Planet (1971)

(with ingredients from 2020).

– Protein equivalent of 7½ oz steak.

– Adopted children,

as we shall call them here.

Sentence in which

Omar Ty, watching Paw Patrol,

doesn't even

touch the plate

as Oona Jemaika Bell

tatters the burger – I had

served the croquettes

as a burger –

but doesn't eat it either!

Sad

cooking

elephant!

Later in the report

I realized that perhaps

it was wrong

wanting to embody

the genealogy

of meat analogues

in the flesh of our adopted children

in a general

act.

Burr-

Creo-

Beo- Hog-

sentence, in which

this genealogy cannot be embodied at all,

for doesn't it entail precisely

the *disruption* of the generational sequence

of

of the Angus,

Hereford,

Simmental?

II.

Sentence in which Omar Ty

ate

a piece

of the Californian

Beyond Meat

Beyond Burger,

and that's the cardinal Punkt

of this whole cycle.

Many people are

born as adults,

some as old people,

some as children,

some as

newborns

that's why you always see

everyone together.

In the pulmonary-

infusion-

sentence,

Omar Ty

never grows older

than in the photo

from kinderladen

Charlottenburg I

inside our apartment,

rancid adult

Röhl.

Our kinderladen

is a big

turd.

– Email to Eat JUST sent.

– Email to SOLARFOODS sent.

Flower-lovely

sentence,

upper garland,

in which the poem

achieves

the *Future of Protein*[®]

to be sheltered

in Omar Ty's infinite

childhood.

FLUTTERING FULLY GRAFFITIED GARLAND ON WHICH

THE IVF OF OMAR TY (*2016)

AT WUNSCHKINDER UHLANDSTRASSE 20-25

LIES IN ONE DELVE WITH THE

FIVE GENEALOGY PENTAGONS GENUS AND URUS

HENDRIX

VYTELLE AND TRANSOVA

WHERE OONA JEMAIKA BELLS

500,000

SIBLINGS

COMMENCED

FLUTTERING HEART/CORONATION BANDEROLE
ON WHICH EGO SUM IN MY MOTHER'S WOMB
ON THE DAY OF THE SCHLEYER-ABDUCTION
AND 1 WEEK OLD ON THE DAY OF HIS ASSASSINATION
BEFORE I APPLY IN JULY 2020
FOR A LITERARY WORKING SCHOLARSHIP FROM THE

BERLIN SENATE

TO

BINIAS (*1983)

BULUCZ (*1987)

HIPPE (*1975)

KINSKY (*1956)

THOMAE (*1972)

VARATHARAJAH (*1984)

FLUTTERING BANDEROLE
HUGE RED SKIN BAG
OF THE SEXUAL SELECTION
OF THE FRIGATE BIRD
WITH I TAKE BACK AFTER X YEARS
TO THE PLACE WHERE
I SUSPECT THE SOURCES OF THE
MALICE/HEMES
ESPECIALLY OF THE IRON-CONTAINING SOY
LEGHEMOGLOBIN
AFTER WHICH PREDATORS
CRAVE

III.

Sentence in which I enter

the Edeka Bouchestr. with a mask

to get

JUST chicken nuggets

(clean meat)

for Omar Ty

and Oona Jemaika Bell....

Flash sentence in the vegetable counter

in which I search.... Neo-espirituali-

dad-

Burr-

sentence in the meat

counter in which I search,

Corr-

sentence in the freezer triangle where I search

AND WHERE THEY ARE NOT

and ask

and they don't

have them,

dammit.

JUST's

answer:

“We have not

disclosed

where in the world

we intend to conduct the sale”

{English in the original}

of that

which we

experience as a kind of social flesh

that cannot be slain

because of Neoespiritualidad.

Sentence written

from a single quill

in which it is

as if they [the eaters]

had left their body

to see how the chicken they're eating

walks around the table.

They

have left

their body; the

body eats, *but they*

are not in that body –

they see the chicken

whose meat their body,

while it is outside of itself,

eats.

IV.

Sentence in which my email

to SOLARFOODS –

“I am interested in

the timeline

of the availability

of Solein on the shelves in Germany”

{English in the original} –

remains

unanswered.

From this silence

the poem raises

its voice,

begins its song

against the enemies of

the poetry of the working classes,

the language

bull

pigs

who

who want to *limit* the meat concept

to beings-for-themselves.

Begins its walk

down the food pyramid,

at the base of which,

bare rock,

something

exists not just without self-relation

but without life =

Photosynthesis

in a puddle

on black granite

by a multivitamin tablet.

From this image

prepares

the Soybean

Croquettes,

years later,

for the adopted children

of Omar Ty

and Oona Jemaika Bell,

(as if one

had made spaghetti

from a running TV image)

And says:

this

is meat. –

The definition of meat

is incumbent upon *poetry*.

This is the reason

for my terror

The Absolute Positive TERROR

The Absolute Positive TERROR

Today is July 14, 2020

(deadline).

When is the day,

Omar and Bell,

that we begin

to free the bodies

of our adopted children from the fields

of the earth?

Sentence

with a bow

in which I

need the scholarship

to describe

the poem

that leads us

to the beginning.